$3.00

The Creative Woman

PHOTOGRAPHY

SPRING/SUMMER 1989

Volume 9, No. 4 Summer 19

The Creative Woman

Governors State University, University Park, IL 60466 - 3193

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ISSN 0736 - 4733

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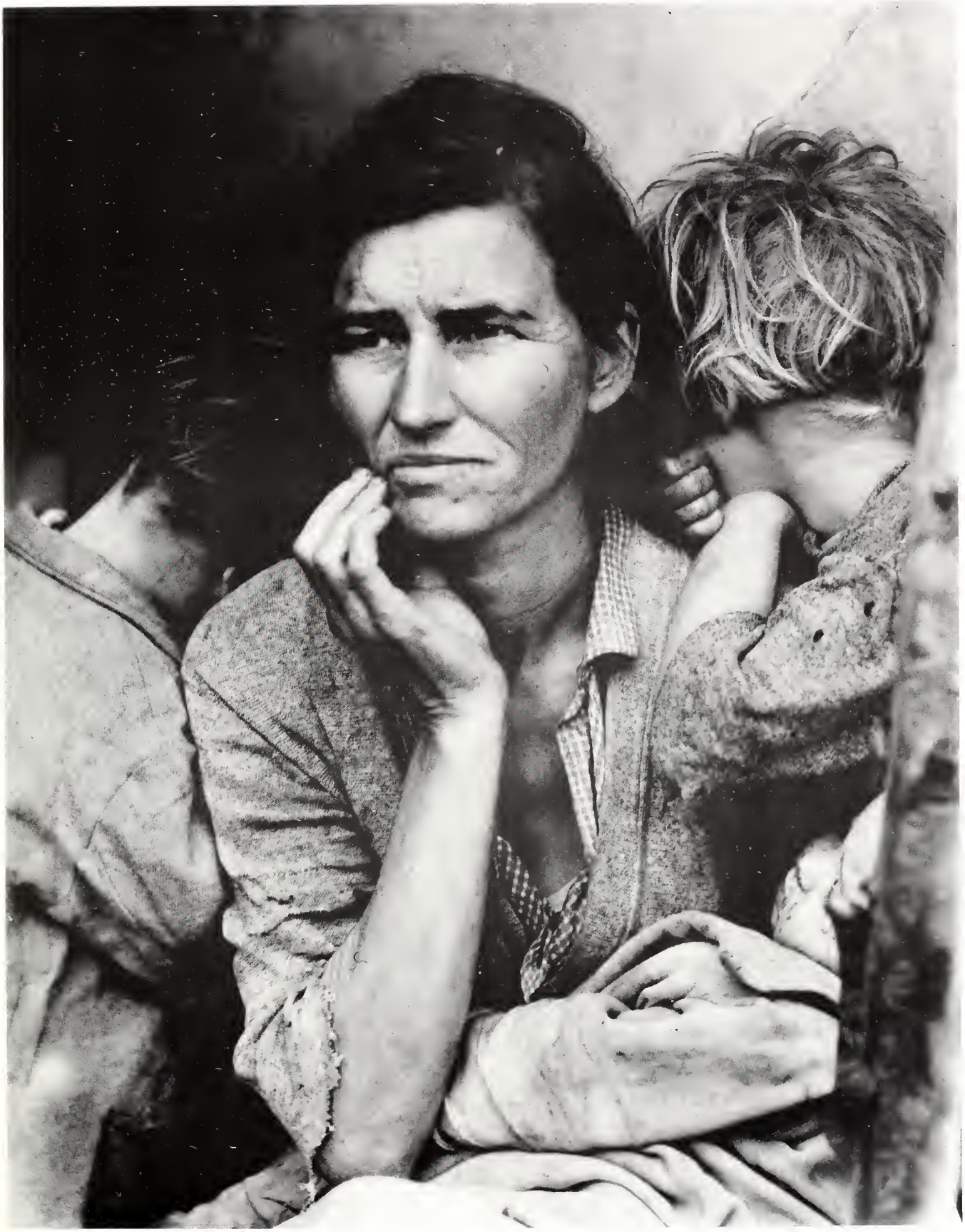
The Creative Woman is published three times a year by Governors State University. We focus on a special topic in each issue, presented from a feminist perspective. We celebrate the creative achievements of women in many fields and appeal to inquiring minds. We publish fiction, poetry, book reviews, articles, photography and original graphics.

Cover photograph by Patricia Gardner

'HE GREATS: WOMEN IN 150 YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

atricia Gardner



Migrant Mother, Dorothea Lange

Library of Congress

I consider art to be an extension of life and the knowledge of an artist's life to be an added dimension that adds to our understanding. By learning about the childhood, schooling, personal philosophies and life experiences of people who create, we can begin to peer into their worlds and see, if only briefly, what types of events sharpened their creativity.

This magazine is particularly timely in celebrating the contributions of women in photography, as this is the 150th anniversary of the medium. Although this issue deals primarily with the work of contemporary women photographers, I believe it important to give tribute to several of the determined women who cleared the path for others to follow. Photography, like the other arts, had many pioneers, but even the most recent history books devote little space to the achievements of women in the medium. The women written about here are familiar names to those involved in photography, but to many they are names without faces, names without a knowledge of their contributions. These are but a few in a long line of women who will mostly remain anonymous, waiting for a more comprehensive history of photography to be written.

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON

It is interesting to note that even though history books have paid minimal attention to women as major contributors to the medium, most major movements or genre have had at least one woman affiliated with its inception.

Within twenty-four years of the invention of photography Julia Margaret Cameron became recognized as a leading contributor in the field of portrait photography. Like most women of her time, she married and raised a family, but at the age of 48 one of her children gave her a camera which became her ever present companion until her death sixteen years later.

Apparently life in England had taken its toll on the family finances. Mrs. Cameron's gregarious personality, which led to the frequent entertaining of guests, the failure of a family business, and her rising photographic costs eventually led to a move to Ceylon where life was quieter and financially less taxing.

Prior to her involvement in photography, Cameron's interests were literary, so it is logical that her work took on this flavor—allegory was also frequently employed.

She used friends and relatives as her subject matter, but only with the photographs of women and children did she open up and use anything more than harsh, authoritative, single portraits. With very few exceptions, all the portraits of men seemed to show them as heroic head shots again a stark black background, a common treatment i art; some of her subjects were Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Charles Darwin, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—a rather impressive group. Considering the time—1860s and 1870s—even intelligent, forceful women were probably n in the habit of treating men as their equals. The woman was obviously an independent spirit to engage herself in a profession filled with men.

Viewing her photographs you can imagine her directing the poses — enforcing her ideas of the spiritual and the beautiful into her images. Her work expressed more about herself than about th people she photographed.

GERTRUDE KASEBIER

A photographer seldom mentioned is Gertrude Kasebier. Very little was written about her from 1929 until the 70's, and although relatively unknown for many years, she was part of one of photography's most influential movements—the Photo-Secession, which fostered serious aesthetic consideration for pictorialist (soft-focus) imagery Along with Alfred Stieglitz, another founding member, she worked in this vein for about 15 ye even when Stieglitz and his followers abandonec the movement for sharp, non-pictorialist imagery

Like Cameron, she came to the medium later in life. At the age of 36, while her children were sti young, she entered art school and took up photo graphs but was discouraged by her instructors against its use as an art form. After five years sh found herself once again involved in photograph and comfortable enough to open a portrait studic

Although she made portraits in the tradition of th time her most memorable images are those depic ing motherhood, not just the fact of childbearing, but the feeling, the sentiment.

The images seem not be be contrived, but rather glimpses of private moments. Some may call the overly sentimental, but luckily today's women ar reaching the point of accepting all the facets of being female without feeling the need to abandor certain characteristics to fit into the traditional "man's world."

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM

Imogen Cunningham, although born in the nineteenth century, was a twentieth century woman b many standards. Accounts suggest that as her children got older her sense of independence increased, so much so that a trip to the East coast t photograph for Vanity Fair precipitated a divorce She had spent twenty years married to a fellow a-

ist, but seemed to blossom into quite an individual after the split.

In her early years she formed friendships with other photographers. She served as an apprentice, did commercial portraits and was the Mills College photographer—all of this while raising three children. In 1930, along with Ansel Adams, Edward Weston and others, she helped found one of photography's great movements—Group F/64. This group was devoted to defining straight creative photography and stopping the spread of the ideals of pictorialism. In Ansel Adams' autobiography he stated the Cunningham was "fearless, acrid, opinionated, capable, and, in her particular way, affectionate and loyal."

In addition to always saying what was on her mind, she was known for not being a feminist. She wanted to be recognized as being a good photographer regardless of her sex. Apparently her personality and straightforward ways were such that her gender never became a hindrance.

BERNICE ABBOTT

About a decade before F/64 was formed on the West coast, Precisionism was becoming the new school of photography on the East coast. Their philosophies were similar, but closer proximity to movements in Europe influenced the East first. Precisionism, i.e. Dada, New Objectivity, The Bauhaus, was where Bernice Abbott fit into photography's short history. She was born in Ohio and tried formal learning at several universities, but each time abandoned the attempt stating that the classes were boring and her instructors uninterested.

Her friends in this country and in France were other artists, mainly those involved in Surrealism. While living in France, she enjoyed success as a portrait photographer and as Eugene Atget's assistant. After his death, she became involved in a lifelong attempt to preserve his work and present it to the public. This, however, unfortunately took time away from furthering her own work and her place in history.

Acceptance of her work in America was not the problem, it was financial backing. In keeping with Precisionism, she proposed to photograph New York City the way she saw it, by documenting its ever-changing skyline, by showing the unadorned reality. She chose not to fictionalize her views of the city, but to record what she saw as a beautiful place, without the dirt and grit. Certainly others could have argued that her reality was not theirs. Nevertheless, they were photographs of beauty from a woman who, at that time, knew little else of America than the difficulties of photographing with limited finances.

Her other major body of work came out of a desire to understand science in everyday life. This led to the creation of images illustrating various scientific phenomena which represented again her use of traditionally "non-female" subject matter.

There are many unpublished works by this woman, in spite of the fact she had no outside help, either financial or otherwise, no system of networking among contemporaries in the way that is so common today. Her success in Europe did not transfer to this country. Her isolation and lack of any business acumen, linked with no support system, kept her fairly obscure.

BARBARA MORGAN

Barbara Morgan was born in 1900, had a happy childhood, graduated from college, taught art at U.C.L.A., got married and raised a family. All of this sounds like so many other stories, except for an inner desire to convey what she called "rhythmic vitality," a concept developed in childhood when told by her father that everything contains atoms and they are continually in motion. From that time on she had an interest in movement.

As a young artist her medium was painting, but with influence from her husband along with the need to have an artistic outlet that allowed her to devote much time to her children, as well as the realization that the camera portrayed motion better than any other medium, she turned exclusively to photography.

Initially she turned to photomontage because her painting background led her to believe that the only way photography could be creatively used was in this manner. Over time she came to realize that it was the idea that expressed a creative thought, not the medium. She blazed new ground and presented the essence of fluid movement in her famous series of photographs of Martha Graham. The photographs were not static, but rather showed within a still image the grace of movement through dance. Like others, her work encompassed other areas, but in all instances she stressed rhythm and movement.

DOROTHEA LANGE

A photographer whose influence was strongly felt was Dorothea Lange. After her first marriage dissolved she married social economist Paul Taylor, and their family unit consisted of children from both their prior marriages. One fact that contributed to a sense of guilt was her inability to equally care for her children and devote the time necessary to her work. This guilt manifested itself in ulcers which grounded her for almost eight years.

As a young woman she was plagued with worries

over what she should choose to photograph. She felt she had no direction. One day as she stood in her portrait gallery in San Francisco staring down into the street it came to her that she would concentrate on people. On her studio door she kept a statement by Francis Bacon which summed up her feelings, "The contemplation of things as they are, without substitution or imposture, without error or confusion, is in itself a nobler thing than a whole harvest of invention."

She was friends with, but was never asked to join group F/64. One of their tenets was technical excellence, and Dorothea did not care for working in the darkroom. Her excellence stemmed from her ability to take a situation, see the human drama, and photograph those moments, both private and public. She did, however, pride herself in never photographing anyone who did not wish to be photographed, nor did she intrude on anyone's acute sense of grief. Those moments, according to Lange, were best left private.

One of photography's most famous depression era photographs, "Migrant Mother", came to be through her ability to empathize with others and share their problems without exploiting them. At the age of seven she had contracted polio; thus, she felt that when she photographed those whose lives had been destroyed they were able to view her as a survivor of a tragedy, that they shared some common ground.

Although recurrent arguments with the head of the F.S.A. (Farm Security Administration) caused her to be fired, she stopped working only when health restricted her movements. She had a limp from polio, had frequent problems with ulcers, contracted malaria, and ultimately died of cancer, but her spirit remains with her work.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Another woman working to bring information to the public was Margaret Bourke-White. As a child she was taught to be inquisitive and always strive for the best, a quality she maintained throughout her life.

After college her first jobs were in architectural photography. Quickly they expanded into industrial work which appealed to her because of the power of the subjects. At job interviews she carefully calculated her wardrobe keeping copious notes on which of her outfits she wore where so as not to repeat her choice on two consecutive occasions. Proper attire was so important to her that she made view camera dark cloths to match her clothing.

Blessed with a knack of always being in the right place at the right time, her work spread into magazine photography. She was with both *Fortune* and *Life* from their inception and on assignments photographed everything from steel mills to orchid farms. *Fortune* was the first of the magazines to abandon illustrations for the use of actual photographs and Bourke-White was astounded that she was being consulted about the new role for the medium.

Her job as a photo-journalist expanded during wartime as she took to the battlefield, whether on a ship, in a cockpit, or under a bed during a bombing raid in Moscow, she refused to stay behind. She had the good fortune to be the very first foreign photographer allowed into the Soviet Union to make photographs. While on a subsequent trip to Russia she was granted time to photograph Stalin.

Margaret Bourke-White died in 1971 at the age of 67 after a twenty year battle with Parkinsons disease. During her life she photographed factories, South African mine workers, Gandhi in India, concentration camps, the years of depression, and exploding bombs and did all of this with dedication and enthusiasm unmatched by anyone, male or female.

In digesting the stories and work of these seven women, I hoped to find a common thread of creativity that ran through all of them. Factually there is none. Not all had children, not all were married, not all photographed the same subjects or in the same manner. But in every instance each woman possessed certain qualities; an inner strength and dedication, a drive to do more, be better, try harder, and work longer than necessary. These were not 9 to 5 women. Their greatness cannot be measured by their earnings or by how many people recognized their names or were familiar with their work. They found the inner satisfaction in doing something that pleases the soul, even though others disagree. It was a dedication to fulfill one's own sense of being that enabled them to achieve their goals.

NTRODUCTION

'atricia Gardner

:ompiling the material for this issue has convinced ıe that there is a type of imagery that is specific to :males. I do not mean that we all photograph the ame type of subject matter, but rather that, more ften than not, we have an approach that is differnt from that of males. One is not better or worse ıan the other, nor do all photographers fit neatly ıto my theory.

ast summer I sent out letters to all the female ıembers of the Society of Photographic Education, ıe most comprehensive list available. Pessimistic y nature, I was elated to receive the first set of hotographs about a week after the call went out nd anxiously watched the mail for the next sevral months as replies trickled in.

Ay own experiences have been sending my work ɔ be judged by people I did not know. Being on he receiving end for once had a completely differnt feel. After the first few submissions arrived, I uickly realized that one of my largest problems vould be learning how to tell people their work vas not accepted. For the first time I found myself ıot envying those faceless people to whom so nany of us send our photographs and slides for cceptance. It has not been easy to send letters of ejection to people whose work I enjoyed but for ne reason or another, could not use. Generally I an find some merit with most images. It makes eing a teacher a joy, but editing, a real trial.

his process has enabled me to correspond, and in nany instances, speak with many interesting vomen. It seems that after listening to so many omments, one of the biggest obstacles facing oday's women photographers is lack of time. One voman told me she had considerable difficulty eeping up with the art world when her teaching esponsibilities left her little time to do her laundry. Few had the luxury of extra time on their ands. One woman, however, was courageous nough to take time away from her teaching luties, an entire year, and spend it working on a ody of work without outside restraints.

he majority of those who responded felt that eing a woman had a great deal to do with the vay in which they photographed. I must emphaize that not all had this opinion. There were some vho stated they were photographers regardless of ender and felt no desire to be designated as a voman photographer. Internal explorations and elationships appeared to dominate — motherhood, amily, loneliness, lack of identity, changing roles, ging, and dating were issues dealt with by the vomen who responded.

So much of what we are and how we react to various events in our lives has to do with our past experiences. For whatever reason, those who had problems in their younger years may gain a feeling of support and kinship by aligning themselves as "women photographers," for there is great comfort in this type of support group.

However, acceptance at exhibitions is frequently determined by current trends. Artists are then faced with a question of artistic integrity — whether to produce (photographs, paintings, sculpture, etc.) for mass appeal or to create art for themselves, whether it is accepted by others or not.

I believe cultural conditioning over the past several decades has begun to change the way women face these and other problems. Although in many cases women still do not receive equal pay, we are placing ourselves in situations that fifty years ago would have been rare. Women are expanding into and gaining respect in areas once thought of as being exclusively male dominated. With this respect, as artists, photographers, as women we need to show the world that art, whether by men or women, does not need to fit into trends. Trends seem reasonable in history books, but only as a means to examine and study what has gone before, not to dictate or determine what any body of people should create. It is difficult to conceive that 25 years ago artists and dealers got together and decided that Abstract Expressionism was what painters "should" be creating and exhibiting. In retrospect, it was a movement in art that evolved as a reaction against a prior way of painting, not from the dictates of dealers or galleries.

The women's movement has given us a family of sorts through which we can better understand ourselves and gain strength. Most women would agree that it is easier and more comfortable to disclose feelings to someone of the same sex because the risks involved are less.

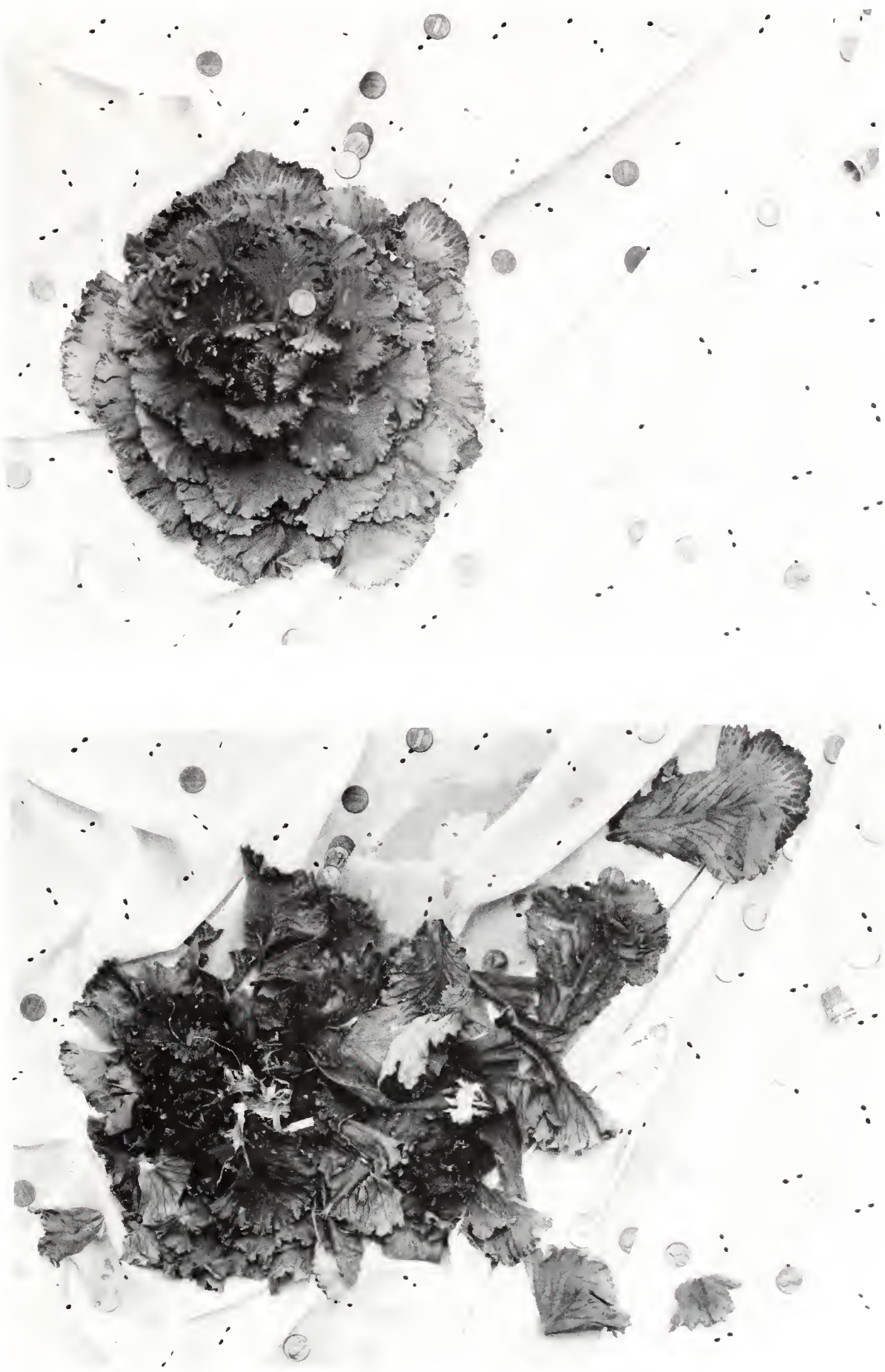
Ideally, in a perfect world, all of this would evolve into a shared understanding between the sexes. But, judging the way the world is heading, the chance that this will occur before the turn of the century is slim at best. However, as time continues and we all try to live our lives in a more humane manner, the climate for change should improve. All the time and sacrifice women have devoted will bear the fruit of their labors.

In this issue, we present fifteen contemporary artists.

Over the last ten years my life has undergone many changes, both internal and external. These alterations created within me a great deal of doubt, and this in turn caused me to begin an extensive self-exploration. The result was a body of twenty hand-colored diptychs showing visually what I was unable to express verbally. Each diptych deals with change over a period of time, presenting the viewer with a "before" and "after" version. Choosing symbols such as flowers, foods, and domestic items from home, I constructed arrangements to photograph which function as condensed time/space relationships. Throughout this work there are many personal issues raised; the fear of aging, miscarriage, divorce, sexuality, anger, guilt, frustration, disappointment, etc. Each photograph is based on remembrance of a real event or situation.

The images are hand-colored black and white photographic diptychs showing the changes in r life. The living things in the still life represent lif itself, while the inanimate objects— artifacts whi I have accumulated— represent facts and events which make up my life. Hand coloring lends itse perfectly to this work. Since photographs are traditionally either black or white or color, the u of hand applied color enabled me to break away from the traditional and gave me greater control over the final effect. I photographed my reaction to my experiences and wanted to interpret the colors, more by my emotional/fantasy resonse t the subject matter and its intuitive feeling, than being limited to the photographic palette.

4 corners



Buyer's market, 1987

We all have a variety of faces which we present to the world. Underneath those faces are many layers. It has been my experience, based on personal and professional relationships, that women seem more open to exposing and exploring the layers below the facade.

A large part of my work has been multiple exposures, which has been a way to acknowledge and explore the varied dimensions in our lives, revealing layers of mood and textures of place.

My first series of multiple exposures, photographed in my studio, emerges quite clearly from a feminine perspective...touching on emotions experienced by many women...evoking my own interpretation of an ethereal "feminine mystique."

The "Hotel Room Series," made possible by my husband's many business trips, takes us on a journey to places far from home. A feminine, almost mystical spirit is the focus of the series. She appears to be searching, waiting, and imparts complex emotions of loneliness and transience.

I believe that my many roles in life—mother, wife, lover, daughter, sister, friend—have impacted on my work. My photography has given me the opportunity for personal introspection and a voice with which to express the complexities of being a contemporary woman.

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719 Meeting House Road, Elkins Park, PA 19117

Self Portrait, 1986

Hotel room series: Philadelphia

The question of whether or not my work, or anyone's work, is unique because of gender is a hard issue to resolve. Since art is a personal vision, hopefully shared with others who appreciate that vision, how can being female specifically affect that vision? Never having been a male, I have a hard time answering that question.

My work comes from within myself—it is something germinated in much the same way as a child and with much the same sense of excitement when it comes to fruition. Luckily it does not then require 18 years of care—or does it? Actually, since it seems to constantly change and grow and evolve, that statement also applies to my art. Our children are always with us, I'm told by my friends with grandchildren—and if the creative process is happening, then so is my art. The feelings of joy and frustration are there. As soon as one phase is over a new, perhaps better, perhaps worse, stage begins—but it grows and matures and constantly changes. Just like a child.

Would a man compare the creative process with raising children? Some have. As a young art student, in the 60s, I was told women could not become great artists (there were none in the art history books, were there?) because they could create children and therefore used up all of their creative energy in that process. As an older artist, I have had male curators write about my "female type" subjects as if men never used the female form.

As far as I'm concerned, however, what makes my work unique is that I am unique. How my being female affects my work is shown by the types of subjects and objects which I choose to explore in my work. Because I am a history buff, and am interested in how different people lived in different times, I have become aware of the women who stand out in those times. These women have an allure for me that I doubt a man would feel. Eleanor of Aquataine, The Empress Theodora, Nefertiti and others are the kinds of women who caused things to happen. They were strong and able to accomplish great things in times when women were looked upon as little more than property. The idea that they, and many others we have never heard of, were able to do the things they did in the times during which they lived is encouraging me! That is why they are the subjects of my work, not because of their beauty, but because of their brains, a quality few men openly admire when they create art work with female subjects.

My work is about myself and my relationship to the ideas which these women generate. After th statement my painting professor made about women not becoming great artists, I began to loo for women and found them in my photo history book. They were there from the beginning—so that is where I decided to begin. Photography h always been more open to women artists than th more traditional arts of painting or sculpture. In later years I have heard complaints about female photographers being wrongly treated because of their gender, but look at the sheer number of we known female photographers as opposed to women in other art disciplines. When I take or send my work to be considered, I feel it is first considered on its own merits instead of gender. But occasionally when that little card returns in t mail with "rejected" on it, I think "Somebody sa 'Oh dear, she's still playing with dolls,' " even if juror is a woman!

5318 Verlinda Drive, Richmond, VA 23237

White glove fantasy

The Queens of England have tea with the future Monarchs

In my work I use construction and perception. The creation of still life photographs is a process of construction. Documentary images, observation, and placing myself in a relationship with social and natural aspects of the world are all part of the artist's perception. These different approaches are less antithetical when I consider the broader subject of concern: self identity, female identity and curiosity about the lives of women.

Fabricating arrangements is a controlled method of working, but my images have been generated from reflections, memories, intuitions, obsessions, and accumulated personal objects and their associations melding at a particular time. A catalyst, usually something seen, may initiate the process. These still life images are psychological investigations expressed through objects.

The Tuscany series began as a more general expl tion of rural and village areas. Living on a farm gave me a special viewpoint. The physicality of t ditional farm work that is nonmechanized deserv attention and respect; and the equal participation women and men in two farming rituals made be threshing and burning the wheat at the end of harvest my choices for documentation. Photograp ing women working, I discovered an empathetic identity. I noticed the presence of women's work the landscape. In small towns I photographed women in front of their homes, or selling in the markets. At the end of each summer, the film wa developed after returning home; my method did involve analysis of my contact sheets, but involv ment with my subject.

Tuscan landscape: burning the wheatfield, 1987

The Victorian Lady's still life, 1982

Over thirty years of photographing, marriage, and raising three children while using crutches to walk and stand (as a result of polio when I was 27) my subject matter has necessarily been what is at hand. Friend and mentor, Dorothea Lange, had said to me many years ago in response to my question about how one manages to raise a family and photograph, "You've got to do what comes along." Now I must use a motorized scooter wheelchair because of post-polio syndrome and further weakening of my arms and legs. My current project is View from my Chair.

So what makes my work unique are my limitations, both as a woman and as a "crip", which I now believe are both positive and valuable, forcing me to deal in-depth with the immediate. I see this as a general part of women's work. We value the details and our perceptions of our everyday life. the early days I photographed the Free Speech Movement, Vietnam War protests, the Peoples Park confrontation in Berkeley, and the flower child era in Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco as very personal documentary. I photographed my children, my home and friends and colleagues as they sat across my kitchen table. Now 64, I am increasingly attracted to and working with simple quality of light. My newer work is far softer and higher scale than in the past, qualities I somehow regard as "feminine" although I can't say why.

3120 Lewiston Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705

Tied together/ever, 1975

My studio, the McDowell Colony, 1987

I live in a rural area of California which is just north of San Francisco. I have been photographing women—alone or with their children—in this area and in the small Eastern Oklahoma town in which my in-laws live. I photograph my subjects in or around their own homes. The front porch or yards often tell as much about the women as do their posture, clothing or expression.

The subjects are always women I know. They have agreed to be photographed and are participants in creating the portrait. I feel that I have enabled them to reveal themselves in a familiar environment in a comfortable, though somewhat formal, way.

P.O. Box 460, Pt. Reyes Station, CA 94956

Mina at home

Aunt
Margie Belle

Flags, Memorial Day

Edna Bullock

155 Mar Vista Dr., Monterey, CA 93940

After years of hearing my late husband, Wynn Bullock, talk about his concepts and principles of photography I know these basic ideas became a part of me mainly through "osmosis." Wynn's death made me come to a decision of what to do with my life. Since viewing photography, hearing about it and knowing many well-known photographers, I decided I, too, would like to become one. And so at 60 years of age I entered the field. I went to the local junior college and took their courses and studied at workshops under Ansel Adams, Eikoh Hose, Morley Baer, Al Weber and others.

But what kind of photography should I do after I became more or less technically proficient. I wanted to photograph something that Wynn had not done—a subject that would be mine—and so I photographed wood knots and knot holes. Then I branched out to portray items sold in flea markets. Finally I started photographing nudes—at first I only did the female nude because that's all the models there were in the workshops I attended.

A friend was giving a nude workshop and asked me to be a co-instructor. I agreed and lo and behold there were two male models. The co-instructor was uncomfortable working with another male and so I took over that aspect of the workshop.

Since I've always enjoyed the male form, the photographing of males was intriguing. I didn't wish to photograph the male as "macho" symbol but as a natural part of an outdoor environment. How would the male react to nudity out-of-doors? Would he feel at ease without clothes on sand-dunes, in the forest, or along the rocky shores of the Big Sur in California?

In my photographs I believe the male has enjoyed nudity and has responded to his immediate surroundings as well as the female. I wanted him to respond and react to his environment without too much direction from me—I wanted the male response uninfluenced by my, the female, reaction being superimposed upon him. I want him to study the surroundings then pose himself either in opposition to the environmental lines or complementary to them.

And since our world is made up of males and females, I also like to use them together in photographs. I do not want erotic or pornographic photographs, but rather, that the couples show a natural attraction to each other, a quiet expression of sexual attraction to each other.

Long ago and far away, I pondered a question both technical and aesthetic: How to outline a photographic object to create the illusion of bas-relief on a flat plane? I wanted to both accentuate the subject's outer shape and bring it nearer to the viewer visually, without merely drawing or painting a line around it. The result, and a springboard for what became a personal trademark, was hand stitching. Used as a textural augment, stitching directly into the photographic paper was joined (inevitably, it seemed) by collage of ribbons, star sequins, fabrics, dried flowers and plants, candles and other objects. By this time, nearly all of my work had previously been chemically toned and/or hand tinted with water-color dyes as well.

What is perhaps more relevant to the issue at hand here is how I came to work this way and especially, why. I came to photography late in my artistic training, having already explored design, drawing, painting, and sculpture (particularly ceramics). When apropos to the image content/concept, I have considered the planar surface of a photograph to present a possible canvas which could ultimately receive further alterations. My images are far more involved with evoking an emotional response than a documentary view. However, I strongly feel that the manner in which I worked out the solution to the dilemma with outlining is directly related to my gender and the possession of a societally-trained skill: sewing. Artists of any medium are generally advised to work within areas about which they know the most, and the direction I selected makes far more sense to me now in retrospect than it did before. Courses taken in secondary and high school instructed me in the domestic arts of sewing and cooking. (Would I have been a sculptor if I had been able to take "shop" instead? The fact that I own many power tools not used for aesthetic purposes seems to indicate otherwise.) For me, the succumbed-to desire to utilize any skill I may have at my disposal helped me to fulfill my latent impulse to combine a very technical medium (photography) with a far more spontaneous one (collage); and yet, I find that I am just as meticulous in the latter as in the former.

Resistance to this sacrilege upon the pristine photographic surface was considerable initially, but lessened when artists such as Miriam Shapiro, Bea Nettles and Betty Hahn, among others, validated decorativism in their seemingly meteoric rise to fame (after years of hard work). Nearly overnight, it was "OK," among the cognoscenti at least, to stitch, paste, fold, spindle and mutilate works of art. I discovered with private chagrin that I was not the first, nor the last photographer to do so.

While many male artists are manipulating the photographic surface and "breaking the rules" (i.e. the Starne twins and their flagrant havoc with archival concerns) there is still an intrinsic difference between most of the art made by men and most of the art made by women.

I would be most fascinated to see the issue of women's photography investigated again after such time as youngsters are required to take BOTH Home Ec. and Shop.

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518 Fifth Avenue, Greensboro, NC 27405

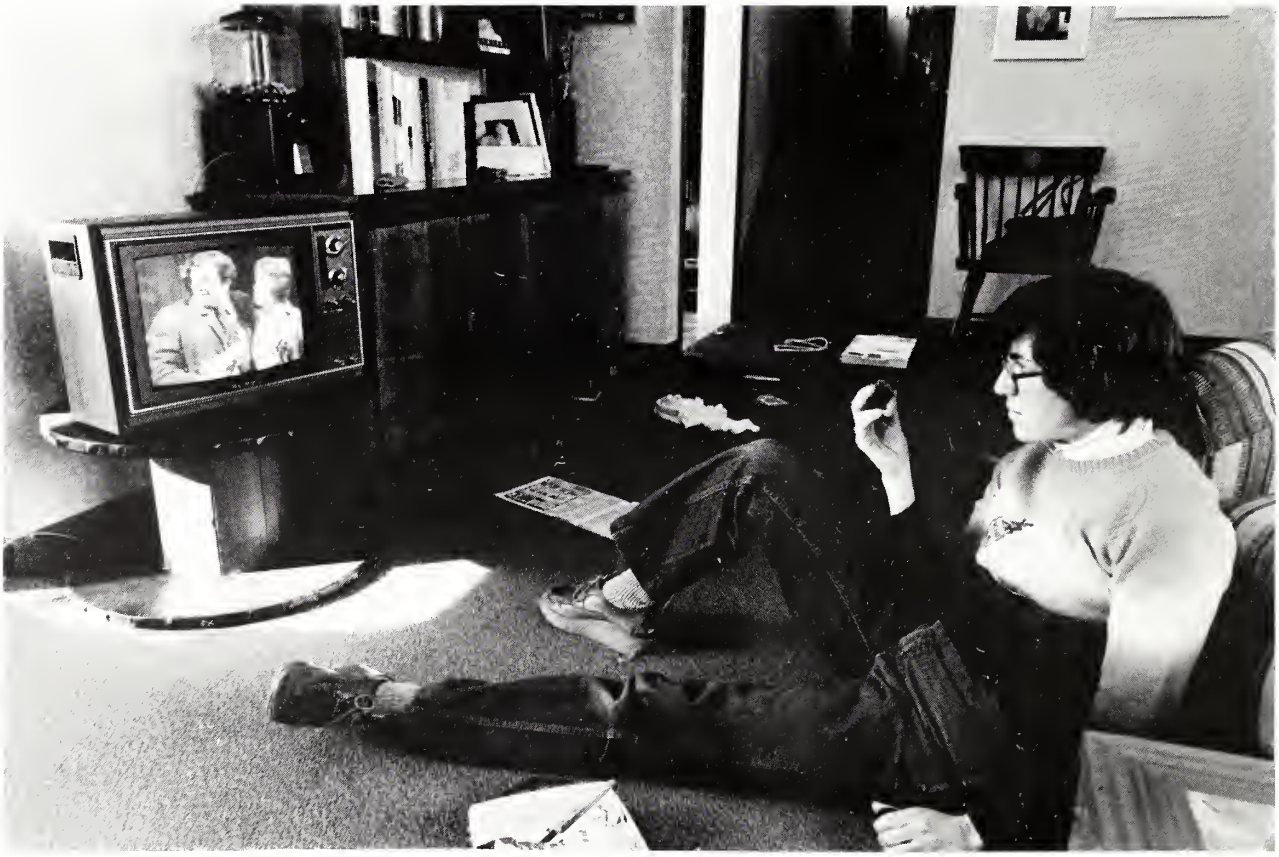
Le Tropique

Dance hall Mona, 1980

Since 1977, just after my second son David was born, I have been photographing and writing about myself and my family. By combining photographs and diary entries, I explore my own feelings about family life. The work theatricalizes the mundane, finding humor and irony in the most commonplace activities. The series of images and commentary captures the changing nature of family relations over the segment of the family life cycle that goes from the birth of a child to early adolescence. A central theme of the images is the challenge of the myth that describes women as obedient nurturers. These photographs dispel the myth of the perfect nuclear family. These are not media images like Ozzie and Harriet. These images deal more with things that people don't necessarily want to remember: the backstage nature of marital and family relations.

What emerges is a more intimate and accurate examination of life and tension in the modern family than has been captured either in the typic family album or by most social science research family relations.

155 Stonehenge Rd., Kingston, RI 02881



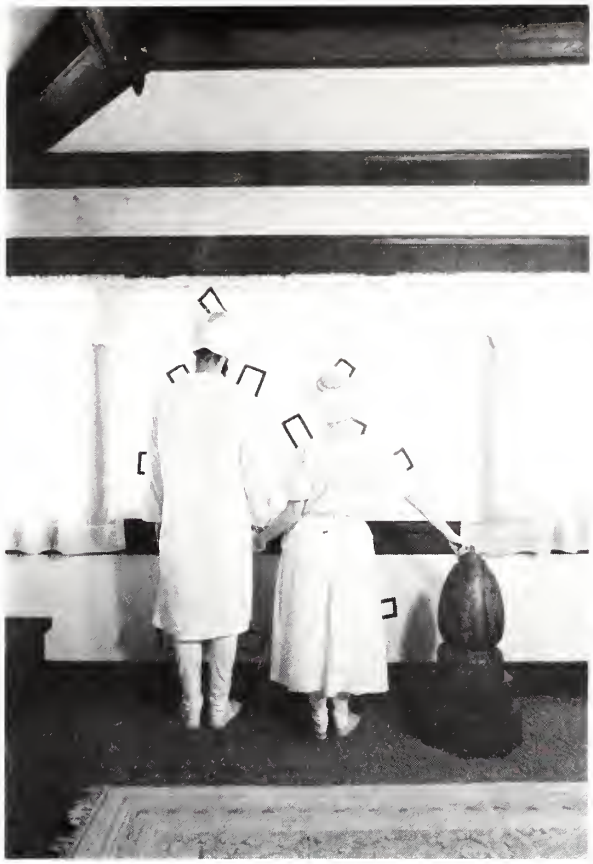
On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoon Jason is at nursery school and David naps, and I have one and one half hours of free time to be creative and do important things.

For three years now I've been trying to take a nice picture of David to send to the grandparents.

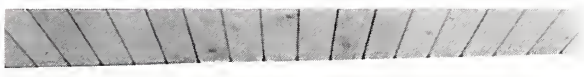
To attempt to draw a dividing line between art made by women and art made by men is to propagate stereotypes. We risk reenforcing these stereotypes rather than encouraging creative choices. However, we cannot deny the effects of history in shaping our reactions. Women's major roles in the past have been wife, mother, caretaker of the home and nurturer. Women did their chores out of "love." I cannot assume for certain if this long "herstory" is the direct cause for the way in which I deal with my own work. All I know is, I have always had an idealistic approach to artmaking...idealistic in that it is very difficult for me to attach the concept of "money" to "art"—similar to the dilemma of connecting appropriate wages to the responsibilities of motherhood. This comparison is powerful to me. I realize others have used the "birth" experience to mirror their feelings about artistic creativity. For good reason the apprehension and excitement of beginning something brand new; the pangs of pain in the process; the explosive delivery of the jelled idea; continually analyzing the progress of the creation and eventually, the receiving of "report cards" from strangers judging your "child"—knowing th "written" outcome does not affect the original lov you felt for it. This may sound like Pollyanna given to today's emphasis on "success" being monetary and materialistic, but it is the truth as I know and live it.

P.O. Box 3533, Santa Monica, CA 90403

Couple #1



Couple #2



Couple #3

My photographs are about women, the relationships that form them and are formed by them. They speak from the belief in the equality of women and for women's contribution to our society, for their valuing of human relationship. Social and political forces have denied the importance of these contributions by women.

With my work I am asking women to consider self, to understand and know themselves so that they can act from the place of strength that self knowledge builds. We cannot know ourselves until we have faced our past and brought it into the present with understanding and acceptance.

Although consciousness of what is uniquely female has grown tremendously in the past twenty years, American society has still not fully recognized the contributions made to it by women. A very basic, and I believe not fully appreciated contribution is what women give of themselves to allow and help others to grow and develop as human beings. Although men and women both strive to satisfy the powerful need for relationship, I think of women as the guardians of human relationship.

My images are also about remembering - the time line of a woman's life from birth to death, moving through childhood, the teenage years, young adulthood to middle and old age. With the movement forward through life the images are governed by the human relationships the woman enters into not time. Chronological time is sacrificed to th importance of the sense of relationship and to flights of imagination brought on by memory. asking the viewers to remember their relationsh with others I am remembering mine. The imag speak to our need for relationship with others, need to remember our past, where we came fro what we believe in, and the relationships that v and are part of all that. Beyond these they spea to the relationships of the future.

John Berger writes, "Memory implies a certain of redemption. What is remembered is saved f nothingness. What is forgotten has been abandoned." My work is a tribute to my mother an a vision of the world she helped me to form. In less personal way, my work is an affirmation o women's contribution to human society throug their relationships—the photographs exploring human need for relationship and woman's unic role in satisfying these needs for herself and for others.

Perhaps the photographs will help us not to for the power of women in our lives and help us n to abandon the importance of human values in society.

9 Minetta St., New York, NY 10012

Mystic Lakes, 1985

Jo and her three sisters, 1989

Mother and son I: Paul and M...ylu, 1989

Born 1941, Hollywood, California, raised in southern California. White, Jewish, heterosexual female, dark hair, attractive, looks ten years younger. Married and divorced twice, no children. Warm and loving, striving for inner peace. Has been in both Jungian and Freudian analysis. Likes cooking, fine wines, hiking, movies, the beach, black lingerie, dogs, my work, the mountains, reading, jogging, friends, art, jazz and classical music, not necessarily in that order. Looking for white, heterosexual male, 45-60, with compatible tastes and temperament.

120 E, 19th St., #3r, New York, NY 10003

Stephania, 1988

1978, the father of my two children, who were
en 3 and 4, was killed in a motorcycle accident.
nce then, while working at Vanier College in
ontreal I have been raising them my own.

the same time I have been photographing my
ends with their children, usually during times of
ared parenting — a visit, a meal together, a birth-
ıy party, a picnic. Our talk is often about mother-
g. We share experiences and advice, as well as
oblems of raising children in a society not organ-
ed around raising its young, our most important
source. Mothers are expected to be at home, yet
e reality is that we must be on our way to work
fore the kids leave for school in the morning and
n't be home at 3:30 when the school bell rings.

ır 3 months in 1985, during a leave of absence
ɔm my paid work, I interviewed the women of
y photographs about mothering. The memories
ıd the innuendoes touched off by many years of
ıotographs were the springboard for our discus-
ɔns. Only rarely would I consult the list of ques-
ɔns which I had prepared beforehand.

Our conversations always began with the photographs; we moved from what was included to what was missing in terms of our (often hidden) work as mothers. We were examining the joys and struggles of our lives within the larger political and social context.

From each transcribed tape, I selected text to pair with a visual image — not to illustrate it, but to expand on the often joyous and loving frozen moments by pointing to complex issues not addressed by the still photograph.

Attached to my refrigerator door by a banana magnet is a piece of paper with a quote from Henry James. I read this whenever I need nourishment. This yellowed scrap of paper has managed to cling to the corner of the smooth white door like a barnacle, while the other objects - post cards, exhibition announcements, snapshots of friends' new babies, reminders to call the dentist - come and go like the events themselves. But the worlds remain, a testament of sorts. "A writer is someone upon whom nothing is wasted."

Occasionally I have wondered why a statement more pertinent to photography hasn't found its way to that kitchen journal. After all, isn't a picture somehow superior, "worth a thousand words"? Perhaps not; perhaps only sometimes. Pictures, especially photographs, often require some kind of verbal or written clarification.

We are all dutifully performing for the camera which belongs to my Russian immigrant stepfather. Klim is a consummate collector of precious moments, the family's self-elected archivist. For him the family snapshot albums, twenty-five volumes so far, are physical traces of time itself. They are the evidence that something happened. Yet even Klim needs the assistance of words penned across the backs of these little pictures to recall when and where something took place, and who was there.

I remember one time when Klim and my mother couldn't agree on the identity of a certain man in one of the photographs. Neither of them was sure from his appearance alone who he was. He needed a name to fully exist. "Well, if we don't know who he is, throw him away. We don't need him taking up room in the book," my mother said, blithely banishing him from family history.

This is more than a casual incident. For those of us who fear oblivion, time and her handmaiden, change, are our nemeses. Feeling powerless we watch life run through our fingers like water. People, places, experiences turn into memories, and then become stories. "If only I could write, what a tale I could tell you about my life," says Klim who is seventy-four years old. From what I already know about him, it is regrettable that his story, so interwoven with this century's major historical events, will be lost.

And I think about my deceased father's remarkable life, realizing that in the end he too wanted some way to save his story, some way to honor the story he had spent a lifetime creating.

Isn't this in part what we all want? Doesn't it have something to do with why artists make art, why we bother to preserve and cherish it?

Although I subscribe to the view that art is more than therapy, I think the creative interpretation of one artist's personal issues echoes the voice of society as a whole.

Private and public politics interweave in small but significant ways. That is what makes history interesting.

It is human to want to make sense of things. Throughout time artists have brought back specimens from the darker side of our collective unconscious experience. For this they have been treated with awe and suspicion.

Joan Didion once said, "We tell ourselves stories in order to live." I agree with her. It was this storytelling impulse which pushed me toward making narrative imagery and, when that wasn't enough, to writing.

Everywhere I went I met people who sooner or later got around to telling me their stories. I was always intrigued. I began to see the world as an enormous classroom where we all have come to learn certain things, with life as our teacher. I wanted to make pictures that addressed these issues directly, rather than take pictures that only referred to them. I decided to invent rather than find them.

After photographing several tableaux which suggested narrative tales, I showed the prints to a variety of viewers and asked each of them to tell me a story based on a photograph. To my disappointment, the stories others made up were never as interesting or satisfying to me as the ones which ran through my imagination. It became clear that I had to write my own texts to accompany the photographs. The Stories series began.

It felt as if I had reconnected with another continent of creative expression, but I was uncertain of how to join the stories to the photographs. I didn't like the idea of writing directly on the photographic prints, as a number of other photographers have done. Handwriting seemed too personal a mark to use, for my stories were written in the third person.

After seeing my first completed story piece I was impressed by the authoritative look of press type. It conveyed the sense of distance I desired for the stories. I also liked the way the photographic image and the texts each held equal aesthetic weight on the page. But the real pleasure was knowing that the visual and written information

vould interweave in a viewer's mind to create new nd sometimes surprise meanings. That third inte- ior image made with the viewer's cooperation equired that he/she slow down long enough to ponder the story rather than just glance at the mage.

On a limited level I became the writer, director, ameraperson and producer of my own mini- eries, which gradually evolved into a book, *Trem- rs from the Fault Line.*

The creative juices were flowing. And as everyone nows, this is a good time for an artist no matter ow bad other things may be. It was all grist for he mill. "Nothing is wasted."

Tamarra Kaida is Associate Professor at Arizona State University

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Photo from "Awakening"

It is through the medium of photography and the process of hand coloring that I am able to discover my world view, my place within a culture, and many of the intricate details that make these things connect to one another. The content of my imagery is generally concerned with the mundane, whether the subject is some person or object that one would not take any special notice of, or an activity involving a daily chore of no particular aesthetic relevance. As a photographer and hand colorist I am afforded the tools needed to transform the literal to another level of interpretation involving a wider array of thought processes. Through visual response and application of the medium at hand, the mundane object is glorified and the daily regimen becomes a visual treat. We are given that extra momentary glimpse that allows us to study and appreciate the stimuli in our lives not readily appreciated during the initial glance.

Photography is a medium unique in its ability to invite a dialogue between author, subject and, eventually, the audience. The first communication happens between the photographer and the subject. It would be erroneous to assume that the actual subject does not play a significant part in our choices as image-makers. One of the most inviting aspects of photography is the opportunity it offers to take something that exists (at least to the extent to which it is perceived) and transform this into something which transcends representation. Through the choices we make as users of the medium, the literal takes on some essence of the author whether conscious or otherwise. For everything we, as human beings, have experienced or felt in our lives, there is a little storage vault in our hearts and minds retaining the emotional content of our development. The subconscious mind will house impressions of all the people, places, and things that we have come into contact with. For each of these contacts one will associate certain feelings. Even when we are not aware of why something photographed in a particular way moves us as it does, I believe that for every object, animate or inanimate, there is some "baggage" that will be taken into the creative process by the image-maker. Therefore, when an image is made it would be impossible for the author of that image to be completely divorced from herself in the creative process. We can never be truly non-subjective. One of the reasons that I make photographs is to actuate the discovery of self.

The manner in which I explore my own essence and world view allows for an intuitive response to the subject and the surrounding environment. It without critical analysis that I make my marks o film. For me, too much mental scrutiny tends to block the power of free association coming from the deepest parts of the intellect. I simply know that I am moved. Speculation as to why an emotive response has occurred is an afterthought. Although I photograph people, the images I mak are not portraits since I am not interested in imparting information about a particular individual appearing within the frame. Rather, these photographs are reflections of attitudes about situation in which people find themselves. In "Kathy and Zach" the viewer is taken into the bathroom whe a mother oversees her child taking a bath. The image is primarily concerned with the visual exp rience of the moment. The mother's skin, blouse, and irregularly layered hair give relevance to all those smaller visual components comprising an overall impression of the experience. The viewer allowed to walk into the bathroom and watch the mother and child interact without interruption or confrontation. The simple act of bathing a child becomes an aesthetic statement in which the viewer can participate from a distance and share the moment through memory and association.

The base from which we create visual informatio comes not only from how we associate the conten of our environment but also who we are. This is where such things as gender, marital status, race, and class come into play. Our life experiences, formed out of these things which are often beyon individual control, will most certainly affect the manner in which we interpret the physical world. Through the photograph called "Family" I have discovered a certain cynical and somewhat capricious attitude about the notion of family relationships and the idea of parenting. Here, the viewer is left to deal with the child's direct stare and tongue maneuvers, while the mother and father remain distant and unconcerned with the antics o their child. This photograph reminds me of the many times I have sat in restaurants watching parents relate to (ignore?) their children in an almost numb fashion. I feel confident in concluding that my feelings about parent/child relationships have evolved out of my own situation as an unmarried, childless woman in the age group of "thirty-something." Were I married and raising children any image using the family as subject most likely would have taken a different direction

The photograph entitled "No Clothes, No Head" i different from the two aforementioned pieces in it approach to sexuality within the context of innocence. Here, the child character lovingly handles

er little naked friends while grinning as though ıe knows something that we do not. On the other ınd, she may be smiling out of pure innocence in er ignorance of the more adult implications nposed on her toys by older observers. The dolls ıemselves become icons of past values and aspira-ons particularly relevant to little girls in this ılture. The image is laden with the female experi-ıce not only as a remembrance of childhood but so as an interpretation of adult sexuality. One is ft with enough space to interpret the essence of ıe image according to one's own experiences and titudes. Why are the dolls without clothes? Vhere is the male doll's head? Does this mean ıat we all "lose our heads" when naked? Perhaps ıe male doll has been beheaded, or maybe the ck of clothing and body parts is just an odd ɔincidence. The image can be all of these things. he great thing about the visual arts, in general, is s ability to take something from the creator, put it n paper, and still leave room for the viewers to raw their own conclusions from the image. The ɔmmunication becomes a dialogue between artist, ıbject, and audience if enough initial information given. When "No Clothes, No Head" was made did not consciously set out to make a statement bout sexuality or gender. These concerns were, owever, evident after the completion of this nage. I can only assume that this happened ecause of my own feelings about the roles of men nd women in our culture coupled with my per-ɔnal experiences as a female. These experiences o beyond the present, adult point of view. In rder to make this piece, I had to dip down into ıe subconscious and tap the child long since ıcked away in the back of my mind.

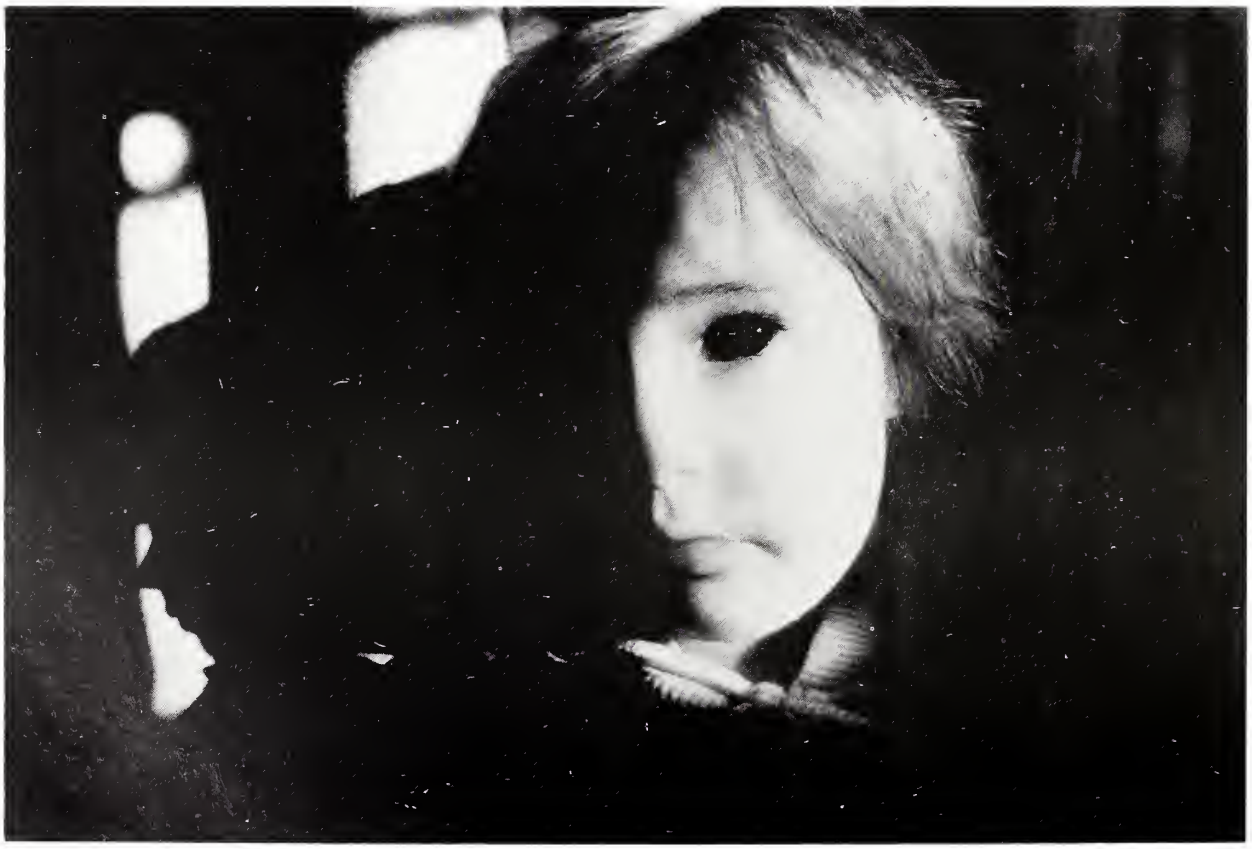
Heavy hand coloring interfaced with an obvious hotographic surface adds strength to the idea that eality and fantasy not only overlap but define one nother. My photographs are about the momen-ary glimpses of daily life that make up our visual erception. It is my concern to merge these iso-ıted pieces of reality with fantasy. This is one of he reasons I hand color my photographs in the nanner that I do. I juxtapose the drawn image vith the photograph in such a way as to set up an bvious visual tension due to the contradiction mplied by placing the "real" and the "imagined" n the same space. I say "real" and "imagined" ased on what I know to be popular belief with egard to the mediums of photography and draw-ng. Historically, the photograph has been re-arded as the conveyor of truth, whereas the rawn image has been considered, for the most art, to be a product of fantasy. I believe that nowledge is derived from contradiction as it xists in nature. After all, white is known because f black, and hard because of soft. This notion of contradiction is extended onto the paper by the mere application of process. This serves to set the stage, inviting participation by the observer. Once the audience is involved the more emotive content of an image begins to come alive. I have also had an interest in the psychological impact of opposing elements. In "Child With a Brown Eye," one can get caught up in the delicate balance between childlike innocence and uneasy apprehension. The image seems to embody the opposing emotions that bring us joy and intrigue, with those that prick our minds in such a way that makes us anxious without obvious cause. This kind of dichotomy furthers the interaction between author, audience, and content.

In summary, I use the medium of photography as a tool for discovering my own essence. Intuitive response is critical in order to allow information to escape from the subconscious and become active in the creative process. Dealing precisely with the world will mean an exploration of the apparently mundane, and understanding that who we are will affect the outcome of our visual efforts. Knowledge is enhanced through the nature of contradiction, and the fantastic will ultimately give definition to the real.

Deirdre Monk is an Assistant Professor of Photography at Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She has a Master of Fine Arts Degree from Southern Illinois University at Carbondale in Photography. Ms. Monk has worked as a photographer in Chicago and Cincinnati, and has had numerous exhibitions and publications of her work. Deirdre Monk's photographs are included in such collections as the Library of Congress and the International Center for Photography.

Family

No clothes, no head



Child with brown eye

WOMEN IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Barbara M. Conant

Bourke-White, Margaret. *Halfway to freedom; a report on the new India in the words and photographs of Margaret Bourke-White.* New York, Simon and Schuster, 1949. Documents the early days, 1946-1948, in the separation of Pakistan from India.

Bourke-White, Margaret. *Portrait of myself.* New York, Simon and Schuster, 1963. An autobiographical account of Bourke-White's life from birth through her second operation for Parkinson's disease.

Brown, Theodore M. *Margaret Bourke-White; photojournalist.* Ithaca, NY, Andrew Dickson White Museum of Art, Cornell University, 1972. A comprehensive look at her role as a photojournalist, illustrated with fresh prints from existing negatives of published photographs. Two articles written by Bourke-White follow the bibliography.

Cameron, Julia Margaret Pattle. *Victorian photographs of famous men and fair women.* Boston, D.R. Godine, 1973. Contains forty-four plates and a biographical sketch by Virginia Woolf, a great-niece. The famous men include Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning.

Cunningham, Imogen. *Imogen! Imogen Cunningham photographs, 1910-1973.* Seattle, Published for the Henry Art Gallery by the University of Washington Press, 1974. In the "Introduction", Margery Mann identifies Imogen as the "twentieth-century photographer". These prints were "published in connection with an exhibition shown at the Henry Art Gallery, University of Washington, March 23 - April 21, 1974." They reflect the development of the medium in the twentieth century, from glass plate images to pragmatic sheet film views of the early 1970's.

Dater, Judy. *Imogen Cunningham: A portrait.* Boston, New York Graphic Society, 1979. Judy Dater's interviews with family members, friends colleagues and business associates reveals Imogen as an individual and an artist. Thirty plates reflect Imogen's work of more than sixty years.

Homer, William Innes. *A pictorial heritage: The photographs of Gertrude Kasebier.* Wilmington, DL, Delaware Art Museum, 1979. A catalogue from the exhibition held at the Delaware Art Museum, March 2 - April 22, 1979. The notes include biographical and professional information.

Lange, Dorothea. *Dorothea Lange.* Millerton, NY, Aperture, 1981. Includes a brief overview of her personal and professional life by Christopher Cox, a short bibliography and a chronology of significant dates. The photographs cover the years 1933-1958.

Lukitsh, Joanne. *Cameron, her work and career.* Rochester, NY, International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, 1986. An exhibition of Cameron's work held at the "International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, Rochester, New York, April 11, 1986 - May 25, 1986."

Morgan, Barbara Brooks. *Barbara Morgan.* Hastings-on-Hudson, NY, Morgan & Morgan, 1972. Her subjects and techniques were varied: Nature, man-made objects, people, the dance, light drawings and photomontage. The more than one hundred thirty photographs contained in this volume illustrate her talent.

Ohrn, Karin Becker. *Dorothea Lange and the documentary tradition.* Baton Rouge, Louisiana State University Press, 1980. Principally an evaluative biography, with numerous photographs illustrating the phases of Lange's professional life. The final chapter considers "Dorothea Lange in Retrospect."

Recollections: Ten women of photography. New York, Viking Press, 1979. Berenice Abbott is included in this collection of biographical sketches. There is a selection from each photographer's work, as well as a bibliography.

Tucker, Anne. *The woman's eye.* New York, Knopf, 1976. Includes selections from the work of Berenice Abbott, Margaret Bourke-White, Gertrude Kasebier, Dorothea Lange, and Barbara Morgan. Diane Arbus, Judy Dater, Frances Benjamin Johnston, Bea Nettles, and Alisa Wells are also included.

Women look at women: Feminist art for the '80s. Allentown, PA, The Center, 1981. Photographs from an exhibition held by the Center for the Arts, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania, March 15-26, 1981.

Women of vision: Photographic statements. Verona, NJ, Unicorn Publishing House, 1982. Over a hundred photographs by twenty women photographers.

Women photographers in America, 1985. Los Angeles, CA: Woman's Building; Women in Photography, 1985. An exhibition catalog of a national juried competition of women fine art photographers. This event is sponsored by Women in Photography, Woman's Building, and the Los Angeles Photography Center.

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Barbara Morgan. Cincinnati, Images Productions, 1983.
In a thirty minute videocassette interview, Paul Schranz and Barbara Morgan discuss her childhood, some early influences upon her work and how she became a photographer. They examine both her past and present work.

The blatant image. Sunny Valley, OR, The Blatant Image, 1981-
A magazine, established in 1981, dedicated to the publication of feminist photography.

McCaddon, Wanda. *Imogen Cunningham, a sound recording.* San Francisco, Jabberwocky, 1981.
In an interview with Wanda McCaddon, Imogen looks back on her long career from the vantage point of her ninetieth year. This is a thirty-two minute audio cassette.

Book Review:

LUNACY OF LIGHT: EMILY DICKINSON AND THE EXPERIENCE OF METAPHOR

By Wendy Barker
Southern Illinois University Press,
Carbondale and Edwardsville, 1987

Elizabeth Kane Buzzelli

Emily Dickinson

Within Emily Dickinson's poetry there are embedded enough images to keep reviewers happily circling for years, isolating her metaphors, scrambling them, and putting them into various orders. Almost anything, until now, has seemed possible in Dickinson—all manner of imagery related to time and space and circumference; to a nineteenth century woman's life, agonies, and place in the world; to nature, God, and to love, both erotic and Platonic. Some critics have seen this myriad of imagery as diffusion of vision. They have condemned Dickinson's work as being slight; being only a "piecemeal canon."

With *Lunacy of Light: Emily Dickinson and the Experience of Metaphor*, Wendy Barker has taken her place at the wheel and given it a mighty turn. What she has found is an order and cohesiveness of metaphor which makes of Dickinson's work not only a unity in itself but places it firmly within the mainstream of imagery found in women's poetry and prose from the Brontes right up to Marge Piercy.

Barker, a poet and an assistant professor of English at the University of Texas at San Antonio, claims, in the introduction, that she will "show . . . that her poetry is shaped by metaphoric clusters as significant—and as essential to an understanding of her work—as such clusters are in the poetry of someone like Yeats." Barker's claim, to be able to demonstrate that Dickinson's "canon of nearly eighteen hundred poems is neither piecemeal nor contradictory," is a large one. To accomplish this feat, Barker examines light and dark, in different forms, within Dickinson's work and compares these clusters of images with the work of both nineteenth and twentieth century women writers.

The metaphoric images which Barker chooses to consider are: daylight, the sun, God, and finally, their antithesis—darkness.

Daylight was seen by Dickinson as a time of constraint and duty. The daylight hours were filled with cooking, baking her black cakes, caring for visiting relatives, for her sick mother, and keeping to her father's schedule. Dickinson says, in a lett to her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Holland, "If it wasn't broad daylight, and cooking stoves, and roosters afraid you would have occasion to smile at my letters often," thus explaining why she didn't hav time to write.

Dickinson posited God as light, as a force workin against her. He was a patriarchal Calvinist God who would force a woman to attend to duty ove poetry. In Dickinson God became a force to deal with, a force living in "Handsome Skies."

The sun, then, became anthropomorphized into a sexual image—Dickinson's "Man of Noon." But also stands for the warmth of female friendship, a least for a woman at home in daylight (at ease wi her role as wife and mother) such as her sister-in-law, Susan Dickinson, whom Dickinson referred t in a poem as "an Avalanche of Sun."

Many of Dickinson's references to the sun becom cynical in tone; her images change, moving from stasy to complaints of superfluousness and insubstantiality: "But Truth, outlasts the sun."

These images of light stretch, then, from the benign (Susan and safety) to the violent:

A full fed Rose on meals of Tint
A Dinner for a Bee
In process of the Noon became—
Each bright Mortality
The Forfeit is of Creature fair
Itself, adored before
Submitting for our unknown sake
To be esteemed no more—

(Poems, 1154)

Barker points out that, to Dickinson, the opposite of light (threat and denial) became dark (rest, creativity, and freedom). The time alone in the dark is for Dickinson, Barker says, akin to Virginia Woolf's moments of "being" versus moments of "non-being" (life in daylight).

Barker argues further that "Dickinson's metaphoric identification with darkness reveals not only a politics of refusal to engage in a world dominated by a prosaic, patriarchal, and prescriptive sun but also a poetics of acceptance, even assertion, of her position as a woman writer."

Within this darkness where Dickinson chose to live, Barker has discovered a new "Light"—a brilliance created only in the mind—Dickinson's "another sunshine." It is the achievement of writing poetry.

From this cave-blaze of creativity come many simple poems, dismissed by many ED critics.

"I am convinced," Barker says, "that much of the transformative power of many of Dickinson's seemingly simple 'Nature' poems derives from . . . a mystical union with a silent and female darkness."

"In the twentieth century, a heightened awareness of the tradition of literature by women, of the fact that women writers have indeed comprised a community, a nation, for centuries, has begun to affect the entire literary landscape," Barker says. She then goes on to list feminist critics who have helped to create this awareness : Elaine Showalter, Ellen Moers, Gilbert and Gubar, Nina Baym, Annette Kolodny, Carolyn Heilbrun, and Alicia Ostriker.

To prove Dickinson's place in this well established community, Barker extends the images of light versus dark and connects them to those of Dickinson's writer-sisters, suggesting, as Amy Lowell had, that "a tradition of women's poetry (does) in fact exist."

This tradition, Barker says, relies heavily on images of light and dark, expressions of opposition to a male dominated culture.

Dickinson, according to Barker, takes her place firmly in the midst of this community, between Barrett Browning, the "Foreign Lady" who "caused the dark to feel beautiful," and Sandra Gilbert, nourished on "the grains of darkness" that were Dickinson's images.

In the last section of the book, Barker ties Dickinson and her healing darkness not only to the prose of Charlotte Perkins Gilman (*The Yellow Wallpaper*), Jean Rhys, (*Wide Sargasso Sea*), and Virginia Woolf (*Mrs. Dalloway*), but to the poetry of H.D., Sylvia Plath, Adrienne Rich, Margaret Atwood, and Marge Piercy.

Creativity cannot be separated from the truth of the creator's life—geographical setting, time, and sex. There are simple truths expressed in Art because these simple truths occupy the creator's mind. For Dickinson one of these was her inability to rid herself of a dutiful daughter persona and become a poet while bathed in the light of day.

Barker's feminist view is not one of iconoclastic restructuring but one of quiet introspection—what it means to be a woman and an artist.

This is a thoughtful study which lifts Dickinson from the dustbin of mere aberration where some would condemn her, and places her firmly between the female literary lights of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. This new light shed on ED's daylight and dark, makes exceedingly clear what Dickinson meant when she wrote:

I reckon—when I count it all—
First—Poets—Then the Sun—
Then Summer—Then the Heaven of God—
And then—the List is done—

But, looking back—the First so seems
To Comprehend the Whole—
The Others look a needless Show—
So I write—Poets—All—

(Excerpt—Poems 569)

Book Review:

ROE V. WADE: THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE LANDMARK SUPREME COURT DECISION THAT MADE ABORTION LEGAL

by Marian Faux

Sandra Schwayder

These days there is a movement to introduce plain English into the communications training of lawyers. The more enmeshed in the complexities of the law we get, the more we lose the ability to communicate, in simple and effective terms, its logic and consequences. Marian Faux should be commended for her ability to understand, simplify and explain the legal procedural difficulties encountered in putting the law to the service of society.

Beyond that, though, I was disappointed in the way this book was written. The author's language and style is simply too plain to sustain interest. This is particularly disappointing insofar as the subject is of utmost importance to women, now more than ever; and because the real life story of Roe v. Wade involved characters of strong personalities with distinct voices of their own that we never get to sense or hear. I wanted first person interviews, excerpts of transcripts (real courtroom scenes are still as dramatic as the books and movies they inspire), to hear, in other words, the voices of the participants, in all their varied accents and attitudes. I understand that personal interviews with the woman who was Roe were not possible without payment of a fee (not unreasonable given her circumstances) but I think that fee should have been paid, as the book, an important book, would have been invaluably enhanced if the reader could have heard directly from her what she felt about this landmark event.

In explaining why one of the attorneys on this case had decided at the outset to co-counsel with the other, Faux says: "and of course the bottom line was that it would be fun to have someone to share the excitement with. Coffee had a feeling this case might generate a lot of that." What is unfortunate is that the book generates none of it. Of course the author was clearly caught up in the excitement of this history and her subject generally and was obviously very dedicated in her pursuit of facts. The problem is, being a good researcher doesn't guarantee that one is a good writer, and it is that art that Marian Faux needs to cultivate. Every day we move in the midst of living history and, as women, it is vital that we highlight those historical events that speak urgently to women's' pride and hope. A dry, unbroken third person narrative loses the immediacy that makes history-in-the-making exciting.

For me the most interesting chapter in the book was "Awakening a Nation's Conscience" (Chap. 4) in which we get a brief history of the medical establishment's attitudes toward abortion. The author alludes to the political conflict between certified physicians and midwives, a conflict that has, in fact, been an important political factor in the oppression of women for centuries (remember the witch burnings for a dramatic example). I hope that Ms. Faux will turn her excellent research skills on this topic at some point, and perhaps, in the process, discover more vitality in the telling. A careful reading of Eva Figes' *The Seven Ages* (Ballantine 1988) would offer some education in the creative feminist approach to history.

In any case, because I am interested in what interests this author, I will watch for her next work and I do most certainly recommend that women interested in our own history give this book at least a cursory reading.

Sandra Schwayder is a feminist attorney and writer. She lives in Denver, Colorado.

OUR WHO MARCHED - A REPORT

idith A. Lewis

undreds of thousands of people marched for omen's Equality/Women's Lives in Washington n April 9. Estimates of the number of participants nged from 300,000 to 600,000, making this the rgest demonstration of its kind in history.

any of us who were in Washington that day ere caught in a human gridlock that delayed all ovement toward the rally on the Capitol ounds. We knew that the delays were caused by e amazing size of the crowd, but we couldn't ally sense the scope of the demonstration in rms of numbers; those watching at home, with e benefit of helicopter-eye views, could do that tter. What we could sense was the diversity of is community of activists. We saw older women hose greatest concern was for their daughters nd granddaughters ("Menopausal Women Nostal- c for Change" made everyone's short list of vorite signs). We saw busloads of college stu- nts whose political interests had been awakened y the pro-choice crisis. We shared Linda Eller- e's surprise at the unexpected but welcome resence of thousands of "Young, Upwardly- obile Persons." We stood beside women who ad marched before and who had believed this attle to have been securely won, but we took mfort in Holly Near's observation that "it is an onor to stand up again and again for what you elieve in."

handful of anti-choice observers watched from he sidelines, but they were insignificant. More gnificant was the fact that many of the marchers arried hangers, showing symbolically that, for any women, the only real choice may be between safe, legal abortion and a dangerous, illegal abor- on. As Jesse Jackson said, "We are the ones who re pro-life."

---

lise G. LeGrand

am a full-time student in the Fiction Writing epartment at Columbia College, Chicago, and a egistered nurse.

he Pro-Choice march to the Capitol was an over- helming event. Newspaper and TV coverage adequately represented the great disparity be- ween at least three hundred thousand marchers nd a few "pro-life" activists. Because of the large umbers of marchers, we had to wait a long time efore we actually started to walk. There was a trong sense of community and commitment among the thousands who had all traveled distances and endured the cold and windy weather to carry our message to our government. We were there because we are pro-life in a different way than the representatives of "Operation Rescue" on the sidewalk, who screamed obscenities at us.

I marched because we live in a patriarchal society where women's lives are valued less than the lives of the unborn. I marched because doing so gave me a feeling of power over an issue that seems to be out of my control: the possibility that the Supreme Court will begin the process to overturn the 1973 Roe vs. Wade decision. I marched because I have a daughter, two sons and a grandson. I marched because, after writing letters and working through all the available channels, it was the only thing left to do.

I find it difficult to condense my emotions and feelings of the day into a short paragraph. A young college student ahead of me in the march carried this sign:

> MY MOM HAD AN ILLEGAL ABORTION
> I DON'T MISS THE BABY
> I MISS MY MOM.

I am unable to improve on the eloquence of her words.

Photo credit, Christina Barry

Christina M. Barry

I knew I would attend the Women's march when I first heard about it last fall. In the past three years I have developed and come to understand the feminist nature of my being. Having been born about 15 years too late to participate in the demonstrations of the sixties and seventies I was not going to miss this chance. This chance to thank the women before me and learn from the women in my life now.

There were fears—fear that not enough women would show, fear that not enough women of my generation would attend, and fear of violence from the opposition. I went to sleep the night before the march listening to the rain, but woke to sunshine and beautiful crisp weather—a good sign. The metro ride into D.C. was another good sign. Getting on at the end of the line we watched the cars fill up with women clad in white carrying pro-choice banners. It took us fifteen minutes to get out of the station. Oh the crowds! All fears were gone; amazement took over.

Amazement at the number of people. Amazement at the number of college students, men, and daughters marching with their mothers. Amazement of the passion, humor and energy of those assembled. I still get chills thinking about that mile long walk to the capitol. I only hope that those feelings made an impact on the Washington establishment. Did they hear me singing? Will they listen to the songs of the strong majority?

We Will Not Go Back!—Women's March for Equality

Ellen Moaney

As far as the eye could see we filled every foot of space. We were young, we were old, and we came alone or in groups. We were the silent majority, and we were silent no more.

It was a special day in many ways. On April 9, 1989 my oldest daughter became 21. A monumental day. The day that she obtained her full rights as an American citizen. I was not celebrating with her, instead I was celebrating the day for her. I spent that day celebrating her birthday, and the recent birth of her daughter, my first granddaughter whose birth signifies a new generation of women, by marching for Women's Equality in Washington, D.C. I marched for my other daughter, soon to start college. I marched in memory of my mother, and I marched for all the women who have ever been in my life. I marched because I am convinced that all women should have choice, whether it is work, family, or education and career. I am firmly committed to the idea that we need to be able to choose when it is time to have our children. No woman should ever have to feel guilty about her choice. I marched that day, alongside of half a million people or more, because I believe that women still are being denied their fair share of how good the American life can be, their full equality. And I marched because I believe that never again should there be the back-street butchery that existed in this country before the Roe vs. Wade decision.

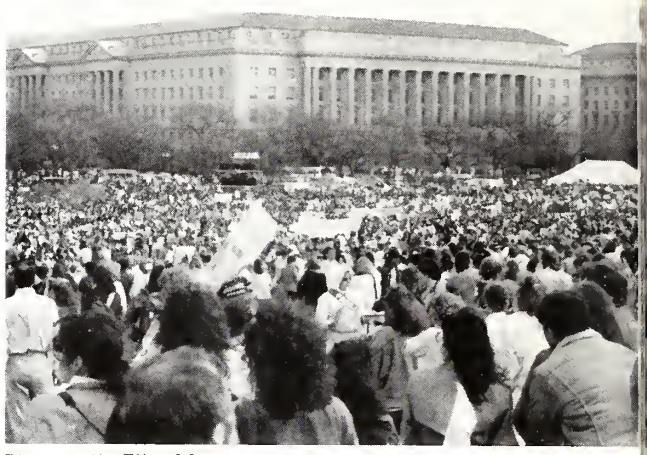

Photo credit, Ellen Moaney

On my way to Washington Friday evening, I connected with another woman going to the march. Waiting for the red-eye special in LAX w connected with 20 more. We were all taking the time to stand up for choice and equality, becaus in the final analysis, it is our lives that they are tall ing about controlling. Very early Saturday mor ing the spirits were high. We were already awa of our diversity and our commonality, and getti an inkling of how successful this was going to b

When I arrived at the Washington Monument ju before 10 a.m. there were already more people t I had ever seen. Five hundred students from Ob lin College in Ohio had come with 250 more wa ing to make the trip but there were no more ava able buses. There were buses from Toledo, buse from Bangor and Portland, Maine, nine buses fr Albany, New York, and buses from the Detroit area. Over 500 campuses were represented by young women and men who had never lived in America where there wasn't reproductive choice The universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michi and Indiana were there in force. There were 25(attorneys from the Justice Department, marchin under a banner that read "U.S. Justice Departme for Choice." The churches were there, my own Unitarian, and Methodist, Presbyterian, Congre tionalist, Church of Christ and Church of the Brethren, just to mention a few. People wore stickers proclaiming that they were "Catholics fc Choice."

"We will not go back," stated a sign and I remer bered our recent past. Abortion has been a fact life since 2600 B.C. when abortion producing dr were first recorded. St. Augustine declared Cath lic dogma sanctioning abortion up to 80 days fo female fetuses and 40 days for male fetuses. (In 400 A.D. they believed that males ensouled earli). It is interesting to know that abortion was legal until 1588 when Pope Sixtus forbade it. But in 1591 Pope Gregory XIV rescinded that decision. this country abortion was legal until 1821.

›men, with men leading or following, have ›ays found ways to end an unwanted preg-ıcy; some of them were ugly, and most of them re dangerous, and after 1860 all of them were gal. Backstreet butchers charged hundreds of llars to perform hideously risky procedures on htened, distraught women. Over 5000 women d each year, many more were left unable to bear hild. Women endured these humiliating proce-res alone, or they bore children they were not ıipped to care for, or died young, worn out from ing birth to countless children. Where was our ›ice? Then came Roe vs. Wade and women won onstitutional right to safe, legal birth control d, if need be, abortion. Back street mercenaries t their licenses to maim. Women, from all walks life were finally treated with the dignity that its a person making the hardest choice of her . A hard won step toward equality had arrived. e cannot go back!

o credit, Christina Barry

e arrived at the capitol to the sounds of Judy llins leading hundreds of thousands to the werful spiritual, "Amazing Grace." We were dressed by Jesse Jackson, Bella Abzug, Whoopie, nda Ellerbee, Molly Yard and countless others.

tarted college in the early sixties. It was the real ginning of the sexual revolution. My best friend high school got pregnant right after graduation, r parents insisted she put her baby up for adop-n. My first year in college four young women, cluding myself got pregnant. We all had abor-ns. Not medically safe legal abortions. The nister other kind. It was frightening. A week er that I was expelled from college for having at abortion. My life was changed. Just a week fore this march, my best friend from high school sited me. We had not seen each other for enty-six years. I had been married and divorced d had two daughters and my new granddaugh-. She had never married, nor had any other ildren. After all this time she still pines for the daughter she has never known. We had each made a choice in a time when women had no real choices. We had each paid a price and our lives were affected ever after by that choice.

This issue is not really about abortion It is about privacy and choice. If we, in any way, diminish the American right to privacy, we set the course for other private acts to be legislated. We run the risk of losing such basic rights as our right to believe as we choose. We must never forget that this is a government OF, BY and FOR the people, and the government must be responsive to the majority. We reminded the world that there can never be equal rights for all people until there are equal rights for women.

I was thinking about all these things when I marched in Washington for women's equality. I was marching to ensure that women continue to have real choices.

What did we gain? We showed the world that *we* are America's majority. We raised the possibility that the Supreme Court might be captive of the far Right. We showed the nation that we will be counted and we will be reckoned with.

MENDING THE WEB OF LIFE

Marty Walton

These are exciting times. . . marvelous times to be alive. These are holy times. . . and they may well be the end times. Certainly it is the end of something, the end of life as we have known it.

It's a time of change. Change has been happening, escalating in pace in every facet of society, all over the world. Much of the change is technological, easy to see. But more profound change is occurring, on a deeper psychic and spiritual level, and we are feeling it, we are a part of it. To me, it feels like an enormous energy that is creative, wise, balanced, and outrageous to the world as it has been.

The dynamics of change are present here in the guise of seemingly small issues. The effort to become more sensitive to the use of sexist language is not just a trifling matter. Recycling our used materials, considering a peace tax fund — these are an indication of a profound shift taking place, the start of an evolutionary leap forward.

The dynamics here, such as how we think about money, how we think about gender and sex, how we think about issues of the environment, issues of images of the divine, how we think about God — all are involved in this time of change, and all are signs of new ways of thinking. We are, of course, feeling pressure to change, because the inadequacies of the old way are like a time bomb ticking away, with an ever shorter time before. . . you know as many scenarios as I do. . . nuclear winter, holocaust, Armageddon.

I am excited, though, not scared. I am glad to be alive, full of hope, and I feel very involved in this new time. It is a time of transformation, of inner change. It is a time when new truths are emerging.

I want to begin by looking at the metaphor of the theme itself: Mending the Web of Life. Image a web made up of strands, strands that form a pattern. It it's a large web, like a fishnet, we may not see the whole web, only part. We don't see the whole pattern, we see separate strands that interact to form a fabric. It's the relationship of the strands that creates the fabric. When I look at the web of my personal life, I can see that my life is not a linear experience. It is not a sequence of happenings, a long line of occurrences, a single strand stretching out by itself. Life does not happen that way. Thoughts interweave and pull events together. Take a few minutes sometime to watch your thoughts. Who populates them, memori what occasions? Thoughts are all over the pla Memories arise, triggering new thoughts. See planted years ago suddenly germinate, sudden make sense. Mental/emotional life is a web co tinually being created, using strands from ever thing in our lives. I've found the same thing t true about physical life, about our bodies. It s there are so many choices about physical life. not fixed and given. The food we eat is transformed into our bodies. The work we do with bodies is reflected in them. Our bodies are res sive to what's going on with us. Life is a web. Each of us within ourselves, and each of us as of a larger pattern with each other and the wo grow out of the past and affect what will come The web of life is the totality of our interconne tions. And that totality is being altered.

Let's look, then, at mending. Mending makes think of repairing, hooking back together, darn reweaving, rebuilding. Implicit in a theme abo mending is the assumption that something is broken, torn, worn thin, falling apart. There's probably a remarkable degree of agreement ab that. Everybody knows about our human prob lems: homelessness, pollution, injustice, threat nuclear destruction. People have not created heaven on earth. Actually, I think the fix we a is inevitable and predictable, considering our understanding of society and what we human beings *believe* we need. That is what I want to about: the cultural understanding of life and h mending the web of life involves coming to a r understanding of life. Mending the web of life volves coming to see that we are where we are because of our limited understanding and that mending - healing - will occur when we experi a transformation of attitude.

Our human connection with each object, each noun, has been seen as either controlling or bei controlled. We relate to the nouns through ver we do things to objects, or they do things to us. This mindset, where the focus is split into a du ity, a "me" and an "other," has given us too na row a view of cause and effect. The more we t control our environment, the more we discover areas over which we have no control. I think w is happening is that we are being taught somet about what life *really* is. There is nothing static frozen or finished about the created universe. Human beings are a part of the unfolding worl part of creation. We are unfinished beings, wit our talents and limitations. We have a develop

areness and consciousness, with great potential learning. The fact is, though, that we learn imarily from our mistakes. We have made, and e going to continue to make, many mistakes. It the way we are.

recent years there has been a tremendous escala- n of the awareness of the impact we have. Our stakes and our growing pains have been bring- g us to a time when we are beginning to *really attention*. And that's the key — the start of nsformation — to pay attention. Mending the eb of life is really not so much mending, as it is a *ting go of the learned channels and categories*. It is ing open to perceiving *what is*. Mending the web life will start when we let go of the old mindset, nen we stand back and look at the patterns, and e and honor what we see. It starts when we lit- ally feel our own heart beating. *Paying attention* quires courage, to see and accept what is, to see e light and shadow, the pain and the joy. It's ary to let go of *ourselves* being in control of fixing, eating, making. It's scary to recognize our sponsibility, to see how connected we are with of life. It's frightening to see what a mess the d way has made of it all. It was easier to say that e're not connected to the trash on the city streets the people dying of AIDS or to the holes in the one layer. But paying attention, seeing what is, ows us these connections. We *are* connected; at is what is.

nd what is, is that healing happens. Healing is rt of what is. Healing is letting go and trusting at at the moment whatever is necessary will be- me apparent, and then letting that happen. Our dies want to heal, our rivers and our air - our hole earth wants to heal.

mething wonderful is happening in my life. any of those strands that I have been introduced separately are now weaving themselves to- ther. Feminism was the first strand of human inking that began to tie in directly with my own e. Feminism took me out of the world of theory d put me into my own experience. Being atten- ve, becoming aware opens us to the unknown. If e are fully present in the moment we realize we not know what's going to happen next.

hat does come next? It's us, as individuals aiting in the stillness to hear what's going on side of us, discovering what feelings and mes- ges are ready to be heard under the surface. It's ming to know ourselves, hearing our inner uths, accepting ourselves as we are. It's honoring r inner truths, doing what our spirit asks, exam- ing our fears, asking for guidance. We mend the eb of life when we listen to the rest of creation, tting to know the earth and the creatures and ants that are part of the web of life. The whole ew of a world that is broken, torn and suffering is a view limited by our own separation from communion, separation from the experience of feeling the connections and interweavings of all of creation. "Keep your eyes open and watch."

We are being called to *change*, to:

- become passionate about valuing life on this planet, in Nicaragua, in our cities, every where.
- live more simply, conserving the earth's resources, protecting the environment, recognizing that we are the earth, and the earth is us.
- address our own violence within.
- responsibly participate in civic life.

To change requires courage.

- *Courage* is possible when we know that we belong where we are, as a part of this evolv ing planet.
- This *knowledge of belonging* is possible when we get to know ourselves well, and the rest of nature well. . . when we can accept what is, in all our strengths and limitations.
- We can *know* ourselves when we can listen, pay attention, see what is. And we can come to know ourselves when we pay attention to the inner workings of our being, when we risk seeing the shadows within ourselves, and risk telling the truth to ourselves and each other.

We are being called to *live the truth*. It is radical, it is scary, it is new, and it is also *old*. Those strong goddesses of 5,000 years ago, striding forward and accepting the energy of the earth and sky, what live images they are, what embodiments of the truth.

That is our work, our task - to participate in this transformation now, to become aware of the life force that is in everything. It is our challenge to set our minds and hearts on the real, to see and feel and know that life is holy, and we are holy, and that all is well.

Marty Walton is a Quaker living in Philadelphia. The ideas in this article have been edited from her address to Illinois Yearly Meeting on August 6, 1988.

A GALA CELEBRATION

It was our celebration of International Women's Day. It was The Creative Woman Foundation's first fundraising event. It was an enthralling show of seven decades of women's fashions, produced and narrated by Nancy Allen, collector and curator of museum-quality costumes. More than 200 women showed up to munch hors d'oeuvres, sip wine, and exclaim over the beauty and fascination of the clothes. It was a great success in every way, filling our hearts with joy and satisfaction.

Roberta Gleason, reporting in *The Star*, wrote "It was definitely a happening—one of those synergistic combinations that leave an event's sponsors slightly breathless and a trifle giddy. The public's reception. . . was phenomenal. . ." In Nancy Allen's witty narration, she traced "the twin revolutions of women's rejection of themselves as purely decorative objects and the unionization of women in the garment industry."

A happy surprise for the editor was Representative Loleta Didrickson's reading of Illinois House Bill 137 which reads (in part)

> "Whereas, *The Creative Woman* lauds and celebrates women as creative, productive, involved, and inquiring individuals, and it provides a forum for individual work and for the exchange of information; therefore be it RESOLVED, BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EIGHTY-SIXTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, that we congratulate the publishers and friends of *The Creative Woman* on a successful first twelve years and wish them continued success in the future."
>
> Adopted by the House of Representatives March 2, 1989.

For the entire text of the Resolution and stories by Roberta Gleason and Cecily Hunt contact this office.

An APPEAL

Feminist poet and essayist, one of our most distinguished contributors to TCW, Susan Griffin is seriously ill with a yet-undiagnosed debilitating neurological disease. Symptoms have been noted for the past five years and she has been bedridden now for nine months. Readers are encouraged to make contributions to help with medical and living costs to: The Griffin Fund, P.O. Box 421985, San Francisco, CA 94142. Concerned sisters: send a check and a cheering note and add that TCW sent you.

Claudia Snow, 1925 3 piece jacquard suit

Rose McGill, 1910 wool gym suit, St. Marys of the Woods,IN

BOUT OUR STAFF - HAIL AND FAREWELL!

fter 14 years as the Superintendent of the Univer-
y Print Shop, and after printing every issue of
is magazine with meticulous care and informed
dgement, our friend and colleague Pat Fares
signed this month. We bade him farewell with
ır thanks and sense of loss, a framed cover
notograph, and a lifetime complimentary sub-
ription to *The Creative Woman*. While no one can
er exactly take another person's place, we are
ppy to have Bob Woodard on hand and taking
er with excellent preparation, experience and
mpetence.

HEH

PCOMING ISSUES:

npowering Women of Color - Fall 1989
Guest editor Loretta J. Ross

viet Women - Winter 1990
Guest editor Sharon Tennison

AIA: Reweaving the Web of Life
Spring/Summer 1990

minist Literary Criticism - Fall 1990
Guest editor Maggie Berg

pdate on Men Changing - Winter 1991
Guest editors Art Schmaltz and David Matteson

vimming Upstream: Managing Disabilities -
Spring/Summer, Guest editor Judy Reis

RITER'S GUIDELINES

ease submit your work in double-spaced typescript
d enclose SASE. To submit on computer disc, send a 3
/2" hard disc compatible with Macintosh II and include
printed copy. Unsolicited manuscripts will be re-
ewed within six months. We welcome your writing.

The International Women's Writing Guild

SUMMER WRITING CONFERENCE

The International Women's Writing Guild will conduct its annual week-long Summer Writing Conference, July 28-August 4, 1989 at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York. Forty workshops in everything from "Nuts and Bolts" to Mythology and Philosophy. No prerequisites--"just a yearning to be, to do, to say, and to learn." For further information contact: Hannelore Hahn, The International Women's Writing Guild, P.O. Box 810, Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028-0013. Phone: 212/737-7536.

A joyous summer to all our readers.

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